MOTHER EARTH

Vol. X. June, 1915 No. 4

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FLOWERS AND ASHES

By Louise Bryant Trullinger.

The swaying street car bulged with human freight,
  A gust of sand blew up the narrow street
And caught it as it whirled with giddy gait.
  The souls within sighed wearily, the heat
Was so intense it hurt their tired feet,

Their tired eyes, and hands, and tired souls.
  It was the hour when the workers pause at last
And seek those murky, fetid, loathsome holes
  They call their homes; if thus their lot be cast.
Poor wrecks of lives! Poor ships with broken mast!

A woman sat beside me and her face
  Was lined with care and sorrow, as if the years
That she had lived and loved and kept her place
  Among the workers, had been a thing of tears;
A tragic life of agonies—and fears.

And in her hand she held some flowers,
  Old fashioned flowers, like our grand-dames knew.
Their fragrance was so sweet, I minded distant hours.
  I touched their dear, soft faces for I knew
I'd think of other flowers wet with dew.

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We jogged along street after street and then
  The woman spoke, "For my man's grave," she said
And then was silent. When I looked again
  On her pale cheek there burned a spot of red.
"For twenty years," she mused, "my man's been dead."

"Yes, I raise flowers for his grave. You see
  He loved the flowers and the soft green grass
And it is lonely where he sleeps and he . . .
  Must miss me, want me, so I always pass
The little plot at evening. . . . But alas!

Death comes so slow, with lagging steps . . .
    that pause . . .
  Before they reach me." "Why," I said, "It would seem
That you could find another love . . . another
    cause . . .
  To strive for . . . Do you have no babes . . .
    or dream
No dreams, nor see the future all agleam—

With promise?" She clutched the flowers, her thin form
  Shook with emotion. "Because I had two
When he fell off the painter's scaffold . . . and
    was torn . . .
  Right out of life . . . I knew not what to
    do . . .
I worked, I begged, I stole. And God, he knew,

I was so faint and sick in that foul air, . . .
  My babes were hungry and my life was dust.
. . . I gave my body for them . . . They
    were fair
  And young—with trustful eyes—I felt I must
Do all things for them, . . . even those of lust.

The law came down upon me with a din, . . .
  It took them both away—my babes—it said . . .
I was a thing of shame and marked with sin
  And babes were pure in heart and must be led
In whiter ways than mine, . . . who was not wed!

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And I grow flowers in a little box
High in a window in a dark old street . . .
Where children never come, to smile at phlox
Or marigold or primrose. . . . There I meet
Only the wretched . . . still my heart does beat—

For Death must very old have grown, he does not
Knock upon my battered door or lurk
Beside my flowers." We rode on.—Thus have you wrought,
Oh, gloating *'men of God,' who bow and smirk,*
. . . Call you this *white* soul *black?* . . .
Is this your holy work?

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

A PURITAN is like a mule. He runs along a certain distance, giving one the impression that he really intended to get to the end of the road, but suddenly something clogs his mind and benumbs his capacity to move. In the case of the Puritan it may be centuries of puritanic influence, which like the dampness of a London fog, gets into his bones. It certainly leaves him hopelessly bemuddled.

Such a calamity has happened to the writer on "War Babies" in the *New Republic* of May 8th. After a clear exposure of the cruelty and hypocrisy of those who protest against setting a premium on immorality when they plead on behalf of the right of 20,000 illegitimate mothers to give birth to their children in security and comfort and after he points out the crime and injustice of bringing undesired children in the world, he suddenly turns a complete summersault and declares:

> *"It is surely the greatest folly to pretend that illegitimacy is desirable or a service to the race. The argument against bearing illegitimate children is not derived from the sexual illegitimacy of the parents. It is based on the fact that to bear unwanted children is a crime against the children, a way of starting a human soul handicapped upon its career. It will remain because any child which is reared by only one parent is spiritually impoverished, and because*

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the child of a deserted mother lives in a weakened and saddened environment."

If this were the meaning of illegitimacy, at least 75% of children born in wedlock would have to go through life with the stigma "bastard" branded upon their brow. They are not wanted. "They are spiritually impoverished because reared only by one parent." They live in a weakened, saddened environment because their mothers are deserted. Why, then, does the writer approve of the marriage institution, and yet object to illegitimacy as something injurious to the race? Indeed even according to his reasoning, the marriage institution covers a multitude of sins and ought to be dissolved at once. But such a logical conclusion is not to be hoped for from a Puritan.

Evidently the writer of "War Babies," like the moral people he criticizes, is in the same boat. They know that the situation created by the war as regards illegitimacy must be met; yet they dare not meet it, as it would do away with the vulgar attitude toward the child that, until now, has been the greatest crime of society.

Illegitimacy is indeed desirable and a benefit to the race, inasmuch as it rests upon the right of the parents to express that which at all times and at all ages has been considered the strongest force in life, namely, love. Once that has been established, people will make because of love; and not because of money. Therefore they will be getting only the children they want and make life accessible to all children.

* * *

HEBREW legends relate that woman can endure pain and is callous to death because of the fact that she owns ninety-nine souls. Judging by its power of endurance, American labor must be of female gender. Leaving aside the indignities and insults heaped upon the workers by their masters, it is beyond comprehension the amount of pain and agony the workers are made to suffer.

The sentence to life imprisonment of John B. Lawson for no other offense except that he was the strike leader during the massacre in Ludlow is only one more proof how brazen the masters dare to be. Why not? If the burning alive of women and children was allowed to pass with mere sentimental talk of "lawlessness on the part

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of the militia, lawlessness on the part of the mine workers," if time and energy were wasted in idle appeals to the government for protection by the federal troops, why should the masters not be brazen? Why should they not go even beyond the limit? Only one thing can check them and that, so far, can not be expected from those who can take every thrust, every outbreak and indignity with utter indifference.

Truth is, the Lawsons are much more the victims of this indifference than they are the prey of the masters. When Labor ceases to be callous and weak, when it stops whining and appealing, when it begins to realize that acts alone count, the Lawsons will not be so wantonly sacrificed.

* * *

THE spectacle of that half-witted Caliban, the American Press, in a spasm of moral horror and indignation over the sinking of the "Lusitania," is surely one to cause laughter on Olympus. "The force of America is the force of moral principle," the President of the United States wrote to the Imperial German Government, "* * * there is not anything else that she loves." Was our beloved and most moral president so bold in his note to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at the time of Ludlow massacre? Did he demand a "strict accountability" then? And did our Press express any great "horror and detestation" over the murder of women and children by the paid militia of the Rockefellers?

"The sacrifice of American lives * * *" or the sacrifice of munitions of war manufactured by the Steel Trust and American capitalists? Which arouses your ire?

Our Press and politicians are rather tardy with their tears for American lives. Their masters shoot, boil, maim, burn, poison, starve, torture, and inoculate with disease more American lives than a fleet of submarines could send to speedy death in a year.

The hidden and secret atrocities indulged in by every civilized State during times of "Peace"—mostly in the name of Progress—so far exceed in horror the open and inevitable tragedies of War that the unprejudiced

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onlooker must be amazed at the brutal stupidity and ignorance of those who are shedding crocodile teas over the injuries inflicted by one parasitic State upon another.

* * *

FOR the purpose of arousing the workers of New York in behalf of David Caplan and Mathew Schmidt now in jail in Los Angeles charged with conspiracy to dynamite the Los Angeles Times Building, a meeting was held Sunday May 16th, at the New Star Casino.

Anton Johannsen, representing the Building Trades Council of San Francisco recounted the history of the case in his direct, drastic manner. He described conditions on the Pacific Coast; told about the misery, corruption and oppression in paradisical Los Angeles. Here the agents of Mammon and real estate trade in golden sun rays, in wonderful climate and heavenly blue skies with the result that many a workman is bared; hence meeting instead of angels, capitalistic devils. He is offered low wages, long hours and submission under the hunger knout of the Manufacturer's Association.

Such conditions breed McNamaras. Violence in many different forms is the basis of capitalistic and governmental rule. They monopolize violence and call it order and law. But woe to the workingman who is courageous enough to stand up for his human rights! To the courts with him; to the penitentiary; to the gallows! Even fellow workers joined in the "crucify! crucify!" howling against the McNamaras. But there is nothing in their case to apologize for or to condemn.

Now that Schmidt and Caplan await trial, the Orchards and McManigals are again busy. Schmidt and Caplan are not asking charity or pity; they represent the fighting spirit of the modern proletariat and when they appeal to the workers of America for help, it means that they want to show a solid front of solidarity and good fellowship to the enemy.

The audience was much impressed by the speech of Johannsen. Carlo Tresca and Yanovsky spoke next. Helen Marot, who acted as chairman, referred to the war where armies of workers are being murdered for

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the benefit of the exploiters, while on the other hand it is so very hard to arouse the workers to stand up for their own rights and to side in solidarity with their brothers who fall into the traps of "justice." The collection netted $40.

Johannsen meanwhile is making good headway in getting the Labor Organizations of New York to realize the significance of the Schmidt-Caplan case toward the Labor Movement. He succeeded even in awakening the dead and bringing back to life, at least for the moment, the Central Federated Union and the Carpenters' District Council, not to speak of the Iron Workers' locals and other organizations which have come to the aid of the two prisoners in Los Angeles.

* * *

IT was reported that Billy Sunday's personal share in the Paterson campaign amounted to $25,000. Compared with this, Judas, the traitor, was a money maker of poorest quality. Billy deserves to be appointed field chaplain by the saintly Rockefeller family in order to deliver speeches to the deputy sheriffs and mine guards in the coal districts of Colorado before they start out to murder strikers and to set fire to the camps of their wives and children.

THE SANGER CASE

THE trial of William Sanger has been postponed until June 18th. Mr. Sanger's attorney, Gilbert E. Roe, is still trying to get a jury trial. A jury trial has been denied by one judge, but may yet be granted as the result of an appeal that Mr. Roe is making. If he succeeds in getting a jury trial, there will be another postponement. In the meantime, Margaret Sanger announces her intention of returning to America in the near future, and of giving herself up to the authorities. If she does return, her friends must be ready to help her. Her work as the editor of "The Woman Rebel" and as a pioneer of "family limitation" and of "birth control" deserves the moral and financial support of every liberal in America.

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THE REVOLUTIONIST AND WAR

By Anna Strunsky.

THERE are those who have faith in the war because they believe that before the world can attain democracy it must conquer autocratic states and forever lay the ghosts of militarism and feudalism. They are step-by-step revolutionists! For them no price is too great to pay for progress. The suffering and the loss is temporary, but the gain is eternal. It is through seas of blood that the advance of mankind is made—through seas and seas of blood—and if you grudge the price, if you fear, if you hesitate, if you refuse, then you are a prophet of reaction and of weakness, a siren who would hold mankind in your arms while the trumpets call.

A brave doctrine, and it might be said only a non-resistant like Tolstoy or like Buddah could cavil at it.

A cowardly doctrine, and another type of social revolutionist rejects it in the name of an all embracing Idea.

For both these types of revolutionists there exists a hated peace, an illimitable dark. One adopts the tactics of compromise, believing that out of evil, good can come, and out of a conventional means, an unconventional end; the other insists that this end can only be attained by a departure from all the usual and known methods of the world, that revolution can only be brought about by revolution, that the emancipation that comes from war cannot be emancipation, and that the civilization growing out of warfare cannot but be more than in part barbarous and violent. He believes in the uprising of the people, but not in war—which is Government warring upon the people by means of the people.

"War is Capitalism beating out its brains." Then why stop it, asks the first, and the second answers, because it does it by way of the people. It does it vicariously. He has a more direct way, and he does not believe he has so long to wait. Had he to wait, and were the choice his, he would do so. He knows that his Idea must finally triumph, and in the name of the humanity which he would gladly die to serve, he cannot lend himself to the bloodshed, the devastation, the horror, the unthinkable anguish and torture, the orphaning of children, the breaking of hearts that can never be made whole again,

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and perhaps as terrible as all this, to the instilling of hatreds and passions in the living that must retard the future for which he has so long striven.

An intellectual and spiritual battle is on between the consistent revolutionist and all other types of radicals and reformers who have accepted the present crisis. The difference is not one of resistance, as opposed to non-resistance. The consistent revolutionist admits the historical necessity of violence. He commits high treason and regicide, he engages in guerilla warfare, he builds barricades. He goes alone or in groups into the high places for purposes of attack. He organizes the people on a basis of force. But his life and the life of every other human being is too sacred to stake on anything less than the unalterable demand of the human spirit for the equal rights of all to life, liberty and happiness. He does not go to war—not even to defend home and country.

Cowardly—but cowardice is itself a military conception. He cannot and does not want to understand military morality. He knows only the courage of principle.

For home and country—but all homes are his home, all countries are his too. He has no separate home and country, and he prays that he may never have them for fear that he may learn a coward's courage—the courage that comes from a fire-spitting bit of steel in the hand, the courage of despair, the courage of a gambler who gambles with death.

This is not his war and he cannot make it his war, for the guns are not trained upon the people's enemy but upon the people. Their enemy is one and indivisible, and by going to war the people have pulled down their own flag and have gone to the defense of that of their opponent. Over their own mangled and bleeding forms their rush to the ranks is made. They are bayonetting themselves. It is a universal suicide they are committing. In place of the fraternity which yesterday existed, there is distilled to-day the poisonous fumes of nationalistic patriotism which threatens to cover the earth with darkness for another fifty years.

They are slaying and being slain by the hundreds of thousands for something so much less than that for which they fought in the French Revolution. The French Revo-

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lution brought into the world the conception of society, of the Third Estate. Before that we had institutions, religion, caste, government, but the people did not exist. The Revolution extended the idea of the people as far as the Rhine. If the present war brings it as far as the Vistula it would be indirectly and fortuitously, and not through that conscious passionate effort which brought liberalism to France a hundred and twenty-five years ago. To-day the driving motive of the war is defensive. If militarism were unresisted, whole nations would lose their parliaments, they would be treated as alien citizens in their own country, their language, their traditions would be attacked, or annihilated. So they stand together and oppose the advance of the Iron Heel, and battle for the most primitive of political rights.

But it is too late for slavery, says the revolutionist, even though they put it on the statute books. If militarism had its way, unresisted on the battle-field, it would be resisted all the more passionately, in civic life, the touch-stone of military success, and resisted victoriously. The grandiose, spectacular, too inconceivably costly struggle would be replaced by another, stronger, because more restrained, less costly, more effective. You cannot conquer an awakened people. You cannot Prussianize Belgium and France. You cannot eradicate the teachings of Marx and Engels from the minds of hundreds of thousands of German Socialists. Surely they would find some way of uniting in spirit and in deed with the comrades of other nations in case of such an invasion on the part of a government which they had always understood and denounced. Disarmament is not non-resistance. It is a resistance which must carry everything before it. It is raising the battle-field to a higher plane upon which the nobler and better must conquer, where today almost as surely they must fail. It is to practice a resistance unknown in history. It is a modernism which partakes of the future society which it goes to build up.

The revolutionist uses violence and is met with violence. But it is not the violence of organized warfare. We must attack conditions, he says—conditions alone

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create people. We must use direct action; we must not wait until we have captured the government and passed laws, we must strike for our freedom day by day as best we can by mass or group activities. In the *Class Struggle* that is being waged we are justified in using every means that advances our Cause but we must seek sanction not in the laws made by the Enemy. We must present our demands and wrest our rights from the unwilling fist of those who by the devious and direct forces of social and economic law are in control of them.

If they let us free, we will not go to their prisons. Against their wishes we will not mount their scaffolds. If they do not fight us, we will not fall in the ranks. But the likelihood is that they will imprison, hang and shoot us and that we will have to use some of their methods ourselves before they lay down their arms.

So in opposing war, he is no more a non-resistant than the opportunist revolutionist. Simply that the larger warfare in which he is engaged precludes the smaller. He says that when you accept results of war and call them good, you individually give your assent to war, you as much as vote the money and the men, you pay a price which your humanity should have made you forever incapable of paying—the price of the blood of the people.

On the revolutionary battle-field death will also stalk. There will be obstructionists of progress who will so baffle the social conscience, that it will be forced to meet them with violence. They will not be many in number, because upon that battle-field there will be ranged a large majority, or at least a strong minority of the people.

The revolutionist does not like the kind of life nor the kind of death that war deals out to men—the ranging of millions of uniformed men in opposing ranks for the reducing of human beings to a mangled mass lying in the dust, their inarticulate sobbing for water with their bodies, for their mothers, with their souls. He says that nothing shall make him accept all this for anybody before he accepts it for himself, or for his son, and the fact that millions of people voluntarily accept this ordeal is sufficient commentary to him of what life means to them, and sufficient ground for his revolutionism.

What are the soldiers doing? Drinking, looting, out-

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raging girls, sabering old women, hanging peasants to beams, and partly burning them! It is perhaps to the honor of the human mind that men whose business it is to kill should go mad and commit deeds of horror. The revolutionist does not commit atrocities, he does not hack and slay in a frenzy of blood-madness, "stab and stab until their arms ache and in one day fill a trench with dead, nine miles long." He is different because he is not trained in butchery, not morally perverted, and most of all, because he is a self-directing conscious nature dedicated to a great Idea.

The dreaded Uhlan, nineteen years of age, whom one saw on the train to Liege, fraternizing with his Belgian captors, did not oppress France, did not take Alsace, did not care whether it was held or given up, knew nothing but the superstition that he must not resist the powers. They have made him meek, and lowly, and obedient. Somewhere in the bottom of his heart, he has a feeling of discontent, of doubt, a sense of cheapness, that he is only a tool, that his fellow-men hold him to be something less than a human being. Perhaps he eases his pain by the thought that some day men like him will emancipate their manhood. Meanwhile he does what he must, the gentle, pale-faced, murderous Uhlan, who so vigorously shook the Belgian's hand. Despite your vaunted faith in human nature, in generic man, you mark him out for death by the hundreds and thousands and millions. They are militarists, you say, and they must be wiped off the face of the earth. But I am not a murderer, exclaims the revolutionist. I do not wipe people off the face of the earth. I do not believe in artificial selection—the killing off of all the bad, that the good may remain. I do not punish, I educate.

We progress, we develop ourselves; then comes a call to arms, and all is swallowed up. The last vestiges of civilization are gone. We ourselves become war-mad. A reversal of everything takes place. Instead of preparing for life in its multitudinous and beautiful forms we prepare for death—night covers everything. We sink further into the slime of the abyss.

We lose our humanity.

The arts of civilization remain to us—portable crema-

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tories, for instance! Wonderful! Entrancing! What science, what modernism! You burn up the human débris. It's all right. Nothing is left. It is as if these thousands upon thousands of men had never been. What can be better and simpler?

The people are broken-hearted. Everybody yields. Nothing averts the blighting evil. We are doomed! We are helpless as little children. Our leaders betray us as leaders always have betrayed us and always must. One is a romancer, a literary adventurer who had long lived with the thought of war—war in the air, war in the future, world-wars. Profitable material for his pen—a windfall, this! His mild generosity does not suffer deeply by the spectacle of universal butchery. He is of the breed that accepts the inevitable and makes the most of it. He has a genius for making the most of it.

Another, perhaps the foremost novelist living, had never professed a belief in human progress. In the most brilliant work of his pen, he depicts society as building up to a certain point, collapsing, and then beginning again —an endless repetition of advance and retrogression, advance, destruction and collapse. Another, a symbolist and mystic, whose conception of death is tangible and objective, resembling the animism of primitive man, can not feel appalled at the thought of millions of men themselves exploring the mystery which to him is the supreme Experience. Another, an impossibilistic economic fatalist all his life, is finally carried away by the force of things as they are. "I can not fight because I am old, so I enter the ministry, not to make laws, but to fight in the only sphere possible to me." Another, the foremost anti-militarist of his generation, proud of his repeated imprisonment for his propaganda against patriotism, becomes the sensational and aggressive journalist-patriot of the present crisis, and calls on his nation for "pitiless vengeance" on the enemy—an example, perhaps, of the efficacy of our prison system! Another, whose original genius found inspiration in the outcasts and tramps of the world, whose writing was vibrant with the voice of the new philosophy, and rang with the mandates of the social revolution, says he has been born again in this war—the hectic excitement of a sick man grown too familiar with death to oppose it.

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Patriots all, who have forgotten or deserted the higher patriotism with which they had lived and from which their art drew its strength.

On the revolutionary battle-field there are no soldiers, called to the front with as little power to resist as the machine guns that they drag with them. There are comrades—men and women, infatuated with freedom, who have risen to establish a home of equal hospitality to all, and to cause the dream of fellowship to come to pass upon this earth.

EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION

By George Duval

THE Mexican revolution that started some five years ago has been a great educational movement, and the longer it is prolonged, it teaches a greater lesson to the masses from experience in the daily struggle. It started as an agrarian reform, headed by idealists and saviors who could not comply with the promises they had made to the people. As a consequence the people have taken the task into their own hands. Promises of governments do not satisfy them, for they have found out that what they need and want, they can take and have without asking any government. Such a movement has been developed in the southern part of Mexico, where I have been for the last two years and where former peons of the great plantations have learned this lesson. Profiting by it, they have set about to expropriate the plantations, the sugar refineries and flour mills. They work then for their own benefit.

Such has been the progress of the workers who fight under the leadership of Zapata and who have learned from bitter experience to trust no government and to ask for no reforms; but to take what has been taken from them, and to trust themselves. They have learned to hate the masters who exploited them and who upheld the government. They are determined to fight to the bitter end. From my acquaintance with these people in the last two years, I am convinced that they will never

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quit fighting until they shake the last remnant of parasitism off their backs.

The only thing that can stop them now is foreign intervention, which will come sooner or later, if the workers of this country do not act. The foreign capitalists cannot see with candid eyes. The whole expropriation by the Mexican workers would be an example to the workers of other nations; and they are determined to drown the Mexican Revolution in blood.

POSTHUMOUS BABIES

BY W. S. VAN VALKENBURGH

When thou goest forth to war against thine enemies . . . And seest among the captives a beautiful woman, and hast a desire unto her . . . Thou shalt bring her home to thine house . . . and after that thou shall go into under her . . . if thou have no delight in her, then thou shall let her go whither she will. Deut. XXI; 10-14.

FOURTEEN hundred and fifty-one years before the immaculate Mary labored and brought forth the only fatherless son that has cursed humanity since Apollonius of Tyana, the Moses who told where he was buried before he died laid down a set of morals that would shame a Babylonian harlot and disgrace the progeny of a Nero.

Thirty-three hundred and sixty-six years later, a Christian people are brought face to face with a situation that for sickening cant and blatant hypocrisy makes the worst the Pentateuch contains look like a sermon from Comstock.

That the fabric out of which our morals are woven is of very flimsy material can scarcely be denied in consideration of the sexual circumstances now commanding the attention of the public, press and parliaments of Europe. It would seem from reports, that at last the meaningless term "bastard" is about to be eliminated from the vocabularies of the nations.

This conventional Frankenstein is brought about by the simple fact that those who are officially engaged in destroying life have previously taken the trouble to increase the population without making proper provision for the new arrivals. Therefore the State is alarmed,

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the clergy is appalled, and the smug bourgeoisie is simply shocked beyond words. Were such instances merely occasional, society could tuck the "unfortunate" girl in some lying-in station and place the child in an institution with the other waifs of our chaste social system; but as these cases run well up into the thousands and tens of thousands there is no hiding the logical result of the contact between a uniformed stud and a fertile maid.

"War Babies" seems a virtuous term to the minds of those to whom "illegitimate offspring" would be a crime. Hence the shame of the State and Church are enormously multiplied and presented to the people under a new name.

A more indicting case against the marriage institution is difficult to imagine, for in spite of the wholesale marriages—sometimes from twenty to thirty couples being joined together by the same ceremony—the authorities of England, France and Germany have had to let down the only barriers that heretofore distinguished between the one-man prostitute and the professional. Though the Anarchists have always pointed out that the sanctity of the wedded state was an abomination, it remained for capitalist society to prove it. And it has.

But a few short months ago the Jingo press of England was fairly begging new recruits to take a woman unto themselves, and they would be granted a two weeks' furlough that no chance should be missed to sow the seed for a war baby before going to the front. Evidently the copulative phase of the urging did not go entirely unheeded; or perhaps the soil was too prolific. But whatever the cause, the result is quite certain.

This crimson carnival now devastating Europe will alter many things besides geographical boundary lines. If it drives the Catholic church to its last stand in Austria it will have done much, for few are the tears that will drop when the House of Hapsburg is no more. It has already taken the sting out of the empty boast of England being "Queen of the Seas," but if the cursed British aristocracy is drowned in its own blood it will only receive in part what it has ever visited upon its weaker opponents with the aid of hired assassins. And if it bares, as it must bare—so that even the blind may view—the rotten double standard of morals that the Christian church has waxed

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rich and grown fat upon it will have done more good than can be measured by the wealth it has destroyed. It will teach men and women that the church and State care only for the physical attributes of the people, for its own aggrandizement and nothing whatever for their intellectual and moral betterment.

After this will come with ill-grace, from any pulpit or legislative hall, the cry that the marriage institution is the savior of the race. In their frenzied fear of "free love" the powers that be have outdone its even fancied faults, and not only have they advocated promiscuity but they have put it into practice with a vengeance.

If the spectacle of thousands of young mothers and prospective mothers who do not know their children's fathers will tear the mask off the moral spook that the laws of man can circumvent the laws of Nature, there is something to be expected of the human race after all. This war should teach woman, though she is not considered when war is declared, to be very cautious in the future about the number of infants she goes down into the jaws of death to bring into the world for the State to destroy without mercy. This carnage will teach her to stand erect and inquire of whom she should ask forgiveness for bearing a child in love and out of wedlock; instead, in hate and at the behest of a legalized rapist.

We may forgive the base brutality and vulgar customs of Mosaic times because of the close relationship, between Jehovah and the Jewish law-giver. But at this late date when the only god is Mammon and the only virtue vice we should take heed from the plight of the War mothers and conduct our morals in accordance with our natures, using discretion in our indulgences and limiting our families in consistence with our means.

If the women of to-day will only realize their potent power, in another generation no State will be powerful enough nor arrogant enough to demand the flower of youth for target practice. Neither will there be any sentimental whining over babes that are to be when woman overcomes the fetich of existing conventions and learns to defy the anathemas of the church. Let us hasten the day when this shall be.

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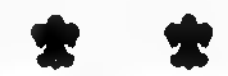
PERLE McLEOD—AN APPRECIATION

By Harry Kelly

PERLE McLeod has lived in New York and been part of the Anarchist movement since 1897. She had lived in Philadelphia prior to that and was an intimate friend and comrade of the late Voltairine de Cleyre and George Brown, and one of the founders of the Ladies' Liberal League of Philadelphia. A regular attendant of the old Manhattan Liberal Club, Sunrise Club, Harlem Liberal Alliance, and Ferrer Association, she participated in and worked for the advancement of all these organizations for many years. She combined in her personality intelligence, sincerity and strength of character, and impressed that personality upon all who came in contact with her. She spoke frequently and gave the best that was in her to the cause to which she had dedicated so many of her years. She died of cancer on March 26th in New York to the great regret of all who knew her.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* published a short, and, on the whole, favorable biographical sketch of George Brown, who died a few weeks before Perle McLeod. In the course of the article they stated that Brown retained his beliefs in Anarchism and Free Thought to the last, and implied, rather than expressed, surprise at such an attitude. They were unaware of the fact, or else overlooked it, that the "Old Guard dies but never surrenders." George Brown, Tarrida del Marmol and Perle McLeod were members of the old guard.



THE OPENING OF THE FERRER SCHOOL AT STELTON

By One Who Was There

IT was a real inspiration to take part in the opening ceremonies of the Country School established at Stelton, New Jersey, by the Francisco Ferrer Association on Sunday, May 16th. Along with many others, I had heard that the Ferrer Association had acquired land at Stelton, but until I went out I had no idea of the magnitude of the new project. The Ferrer School has until

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now been cooped up in a commonplace building in East 107th Street, New York City. By the generosity of the members of the Ferrer Colony at Stelton, it has come into possession of a farm-house and nine acres of land. For the first time, the Ferrer School is given a real chance to show what it can do. It has the opportunity to create an institution that will be historic.

At least two hundred people journeyed from New York to Stelton by the early morning train on May 16th. The hamlet of Stelton had never before seen such a crowd. The procession of visitors passing along the country road was impressive. To the disappointment of all, the weather was bad. Rain fell at intervals throughout the day. The atmosphere was raw and chilly. But nothing could kill the enthusiasm of the group. Veterans of the type of Dr. Charles Andrews and Edward King joined with young boys and girls to give the affair unique character.

The tract of land belonging to the Ferrer Colony and Ferrer Association is about a mile and a quarter from the railroad station, and adjoins a tract of more than two hundred acres belonging to the Fellowship Farms Association. New Brunswick and Metuchen are the nearest towns. The country in which both tracts are situated is rather flat. Some of the visitors were disappointed not to see rolling hills and more picturesque views. But the land is attractive. It is better suited for market gardening and for school grounds than would be more hilly country.

In view of the fact that the title deeds of the land were not signed until April 10th, the visitors were surprised to see how much had actually been accomplished. Joseph J. Cohen, the organizer of the Ferrer Association, had been making daily visits to Stelton for some weeks, it seems. At the time of the pilgrimage on May 16th, the barn on the place had already been torn down, and a good-sized children's dormitory had risen in its place. I understand that Morris Popogeilo and his friends did this work without compensation. The dormitory, I was told, is not finished yet. It is finally to be twice as large as it was on the day we saw it, and it is going to provide sleeping accommodations in the open air for upward of thirty children.

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The children were all on hand on the day of the opening, and a very pretty picture they made as they posed for a photograph. The Ferrer School children would attract attention anywhere. They are bright, happy, and chock-full of animal energy. Two of the boys had been so eager to get to the School that they could not wait until May 16th. Several days previous, they had traveled by train with their teacher to Rahway, and had walked the rest of the way.

The teaching staff, Robert Hutchinson, Mrs. Hutchinson and Helen Lund, would equally attract attention anywhere. Hutchinson looks more like a poet than a teacher, though probably he would admit that he is a poet *and* a teacher. The Ferrer School was lucky when it got him. Mrs. Hutchinson, I am told, is the granddaughter of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. While this fact may or may not be important, it is surely interesting to find the descendant of one of America's best-known poets teaching in a Ferrer School. Helen Lund impresses everyone as a level-headed woman well adapted for the career she has chosen. It is a pleasure to see her handling the small children. She understands child-psychology, and she is an uncompromizing libertarian.

The affair of May 16th had been announced as a "formal opening of the Country School;" but the formality was chiefly notable by its absence. On account of the bad weather, the open-air luncheon that had been planned had to be given up. About three o'clock in the afternoon, some lilac trees were donated by George Baumritter and planted by Carl Zigrosser in honor of the occasion. A few minutes later, brief addresses were made from the floor of the dormitory by Leonard D. Abbott, William J. Durant (a former teacher of the School), Harry Kelly and Joseph J. Cohen. It was evident that Harry Kelly had been chiefly instrumental in organizing the Ferrer Colony, and that Joseph J. Cohen was directing most of the practical work in connection with the School.

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

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ALEXANDER BERKMAN IN SAN FRANCISCO

BY REB. RANEY

I KNOW of nothing more satisfying in this world than to come upon a heralded person unnoticed, unknown and unseen. One's presence calls for a reply and one gets it in one way or another, depending largely of course on what one has come prepared to give. Personally I advocate giving in all cases even if the gift be Opposition. I observe the circulation at radical meetings is always best when the theory-ridden proponents are most in evidence. The perfectly-punctuated Socialist may not know it, but he plays a very important part in present-day mastication and assimilation. We need the pebbles as well as the boulders to keep us from growing rheumatic on our way to the heights.

In appearance Alexander Berkman was a surprise to me. I had seen his pictures, yes—but pictures tell us nothing. Besides they always seem to carry the imprint of the man who made them and that makes for a blur. In Berkman I had expected to find the Nietzschean type of revenge-hugger; but I found nothing of the sort. A man freer from the taint of limitation I never hope to collide with.

I was forcibly impressed with two things about Berkman. One was his health. The other was his knowledge of that health. He looks at life clear-eyed. There isn't a semblance to rancor in his gaze. When you figure fourteen years of compression on his side of the ledger that is strange. It is almost unnatural for suffering not to show itself in a hardened exterior. But the pain that Berkman has suffered has riveted itself on his intellect and not on his face. I wouldn't even say riveted. Rather has it fired his comprehension to a grasp that almost transcends human possibilities. As I sat, drinking in the meaning of his vigorous onslaughts I kept thinking of galleries. I was thinking there would be no *need* of galleries if such as this one filled our chairs. And he makes his points so tellingly, effectively, completely, and with such unconscious simplicity that even a child could not fail to grasp his sincerity and understand his meaning.

The first subject of Berkman's lectures was "Crime and Punishment," a topic of extraordinary interest in

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view of the fact that Berkman speaks not from theory but from experience. When a man describes something to you which he has seen, which he has been a part of, you are bound to consider his testimony. Yes, even if you are governmentally hampered or individually biased you must still give weight to the word of a participant.

As of old the crowd came early—this time to glimpse what the lions had *left*. There is a certain relish in viewing something that has survived assault. I admit it. I joined in the reverence that always has been and ever will be paid to him or her who comes out of the pit to bear witness against the dark.

After leading his audience through the subtle and devious tortures man has devised for and exercises on those he has entrapped, Berkman paid his respects to the "point-of-view" reformers by saying that if the species above referred to would give half the attention to changing their own point of view that they give to changing the point of view of prisoners they would find that the evils they nurture would dissipate themselves. But Berkman is too sanguine if he expects surface-scratchers to heed advice which would rob them of their pet diversion. However, as the audience was leaving, I could see that the speaker was not the only one who had leveled an indictment against a system which had its birth in villainy and subsists on malice.

The next lecture I heard was on "War and Labor." When it comes to the parable form of illustration Berkman is a master. One doesn't need to be a student of paper professors to comprehend his theses. He doesn't deal in mysteries. He deals in tangibilities and that so directly, so lucidly that there is no possibility of confusion in the minds of his auditors.

He pointed out to my mind the real cause of the present war. He laid the blame at the door of Labor. He laid stress on the part of Labor plays in creating, transporting and using the weapons of war not against their enemies but against Themselves! In the woefully dumb and brutal indifference they show to their own welfare and the fanatical, fiendishly-distorted enthusiasm they manifest in a cause which spells their own debasement. He put aside firmly and finally the idea that the Allies

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were playing a brotherly part in this reduction of blood to mire; that the Germans, or any one nation, could possibly be responsible for either the provocation or the expedition of this disaster. He pointed out that from the capitalist's standpoint war is a necessity in the pursuit of new markets and that he, the capitalist, with reason employs the best means at hand, human means, to gain his own ends. A woman asked what would have happened if the Belgian workers had refused to obey their masters and Berkman replied in substance that such an evidence of understanding would have caused an immediate change of front; that the engineers of this bloody business were too wise to persist in a course which threatened their own destruction. In short, that the germ of rebellion is a mighty contagious bug and the only one oppressors really fear.

As to why new markets were needed. The answer was simple. Since no worker ever has the remotest chance of buying back what he has produced, the resulting surplus *must* be unloaded on either the unwary or the cowed. One saw how unemployment is only one phase of the most contemptible game ever played—with the human race as its stake.

The lecture "Is Violence Justified in the Labor Struggle?" enabled Berkman to not only seize but completely shatter the vapid contentions of pseudo-amenders. He argued and rightly that "right" and "wrong" as standards are non-applicable in the measure of acts which aim at the overthrow of a regime based on exploitation and degradation; that only a fool would consider gaseous ethics when his selfhood, when his very life rested in the balance. He showed that the definition "anti-social" as applied to acts inimical to the existing status of affairs, may be in themselves highly social; that the viewpoint of a hungry man can not be tabulated along with that of a food-inflated individual. And with unerring aim he nailed the reason why the toilers hesitate to strike out, of those who are asinine enough to Accept! He cited "Morality,"—the morality not of those who decree but ofthose who are asinine enough to Accept! He cited how the Labor editors object even to the mention of this lecture on violence. He said he had tried to point out

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to them how absurd it was to take for granted he was only going to talk about the violence of Labor. Why not the violence of capital? But the editors, the LEADERS, couldn't see it; which explains perhaps why a good many of the sons of toil lie quietly rotting in the cells they have helped to create and refuse to destroy. Leaders are such expensive things.

Berkman referred to the case of Caplan and Schmitt as being an instance where the need of militant tactics is apparent. He scoffed the notion that even a degree of fairness could be obtained from that blind old girl called Justice. He emphasized the fact that only when the workers rise and fearlessly tear the mask off the face of that shifty old dame will there be so much as an approximation to equity. He summed up the case: that reliance on legal means practically spells the conviction of these two men; that the only way to save them is to crystallize the voice of conscious militancy till it shall resound in an ominous roar; that if Labor depends on "innocence" it stands already convicted; if it depends neither on "innocence" nor on "guilt" but solely upon its right and might to obtain an overdue portion *regardless of methods,* Victory will be its reward instead of insect-laden victuals and a restricted outlook.

The lecture "Homosexuality and Sex Life in Prison" brought out a banner crowd as usual. The interest of the human family in the chief source of our earthly commotion seems never to recede from the boiling pitch. That is a good sign, I think. It verifies Berkman's contention that you can't suppress the unsuppressible. This subject and other of Berkman's themes I will treat in a later article. I have not the space here. As it is, I have overstepped my allotment in doing but partial justice to the exponent and expositions I have undertaken to review.

Berkman's handling of the sex question exhibits a breadth and comprehension I have never seen surpassed. Which only goes to show that the better we understand a problem the less liable we are to tangle the skein by grasping at a single thread.

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AGITATION EN VOYAGE

BY EMMA GOLDMAN

SIX cities, twenty meetings, 7,000 people, all crowded into three weeks. What a panorama life is for him who lives intensely and dangerously. Certainly such a life leaves no room for monotony, nor yet for mental and physical repose for who's who are in the mad whirl.

For the observer who can sit back and watch the picture, it seems so easy, so effortless, such an envious occupation. Poor public! Poor agitators! Will they ever understand each other?

Philadelphia. Shades of Voltairine De Cleyre! She labored more than 15 years in that city, and how she labored! Yet, excepting in the consciousness that results can only be measured in the ultimate, Voltairine might never have wasted her precious energy for all she left behind in Philadelphia. Nowhere a trace of her gifts, her great zeal and devotion. Her old co-workers are dead either in the body or spirit. The new workers are busy with small interests and small grievances, yet Philadelphia is fertile soil.

One solitary individual, our comrade J. Bowman, arranged our meeting. He worked against many odds, but he did bravely. Still the English meeting would have been damned, had not our friend Stella Comyn at the eleventh hour undertaken the publicity work. She saved the situation. Five hundred people attented the lecture on Billy Sunday. Their enthusiasm proved that Philadelphia has possibilities despite Billy.

The Jewish meeting on Limitation of Offspring, despite pouring rain, brought out an attendance of 1,200. Much more could have been reached for both lectures, had not Bowman stood all alone. But we are going back to Philadelphia if only to reawaken the memory of Voltairine De Cleyre.

A seat of government is never fertile soil for revolutionary ideas. Therefore, we did not hope much from the grinding mill of American political life, Washington, D. C., but the surprise was on our side. Seventeen years ago I lectured in Washington before a German Free Thought society. Robert Reitzel, the invincible, he of many loves and many joys, was instrumental in getting

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me the date. Through him I had one of the unforgettable evenings at the Fritz Reuter Hotel among friends and wine and song.

Six years ago a Jewish society invited me; but it was scared off by the police. Three years later, Ben Reitman attempted a meeting and again the police interfered. Great old Reitzel is no more. Neither is the Fritz Reuter Hotel. Instead, there is the spirit of youth and daring whom nothing can stay. Two lovely comrades, Anna Wexler and her friend Rappoport, assisted by the Liberal Discussion Club and with the co-operation of Lillian Kisliuk and Phil. Dinowitzer, made the meeting possible. Above all they demonstrated that idealism does not necessarily exclude ability. Every detail was looked after, every provision for success made.

The meetings were most inspiring. Still more were our friends. Their spirit, solidarity, thoughtfulness and their intensity were like a spring breeze rejuvenating and rekindling—a visit long to be remembered. There is always a comic side, as well as much pain in our work. In Washington, the comedy was contributed not by the authorities, but a Catholic Socialist, Mahoney by name. He made frantic efforts to prevent the meetings—first, by terrorizing the hall people, then by calling upon the police to stop it. Since we have left, he has delivered himself of a speech to the effect that if he had understood the lecture on Limitation of Offspring, he would have had Emma Goldman arrested. In justice to many Washington Socialists, be it said, they were very much chagrined over their Catholic comrade.

We are going back to Washington next fall to rejoin our dear, splendid friends, for an energetic, systematic campaign. Not only the political grinding mill, but also the Mahoneys need our education.

One Jewish meeting in Baltimore arranged by Comrade Leon Malmed in 24 hours showed possibilities for that city. We shall not neglect it so long again.

Pittsburgh. A splendid meeting was arranged by a group of Anarchists, with our good friend Jake Margolis and others to help. The audience was very enthusiastic. As a result of this, the comrades have determined to give Pittsburgh a large portion of our agitation next fall. My

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stay was brief but pleasant, in the gathering of our friends. It closed a day of many vital impressions. The only shadow cast was the absence of our brave comrade, Walter Loan, who is now in prison for the crime of being staunch and uncompromising.

Cleveland has been better on prior occasions. It is a difficult city to arouse, and the one man who can do it, Ben Reitman, was not in Cleveland this time. Comrade Shaefer, though willing enough, could not do all the work. Still, the visit to Cleveland was worth the effort, especially the Jewish meeting on the drama, which was received with great interest.

Chicago remained true to its past. The Sunday meetings far excelled our expectation. At least 400 were turned away when I spoke on the Limitation of Offspring, while those who could get into the Fine Arts Assembly Hall jammed the place beyond its capacity. The night of the lecture on homo-sexuality Chicago was visited by a perfect cloudburst. Nevertheless a large and representative audience braved the storm. The attendance during the week nights was not very large but interesting. The three Jewish meetings were both.

The preliminary work was done almost entirely by Ben Reitman, who had preceded me two weeks in advance. However, several of our faithful comrades helped, among them the group of *Little Review*, Susanka, Bernstein, Sarah Aulafsky, and Swedge and Appel. The week in Chicago was immense. So many new faces, new impressions, new hopes swiftly passing before one's eyes!

Now to the Golden West. Minneapolis, Denver, Los Angeles. We will be in the Angel City on June 5th to June 20th at Burbank Hall, 542 South Main Street. The lectures will be on the following dates: June 6th, 3 and 8 P. M., June 8th, 9th, 12th, 13th (afternoon and evening), 15th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 20th (afternoon and evening), 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 26th, 27th (afternoon and evening), 29th and 30th. Cards and tickets at Burbank Hall. Comrades in California, Oregon, and Washington who wish for dates will please communicate with me, care of Burbank Hall, Los Angeles. After Los Angeles, San Francisco, where we hope to open on the first of July.

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SOREL AND THE ANARCHISTS

By R. A. P.

HAD Sorel's "Reflections on Violence" been translated and published in America several years ago, it might have prevented much widespread misunderstanding of the revolutionary spirit. At that time, Socialists and others were attempting to interpret Syndicalism, and practically without exception hypocritically and stupidly tried to conceal the debt of the revolutionary labor movement to Anarchism. Our orthodox American Socialists successfully excluded the champions of violence, while the revolutionary Socialists and I. W. W.'s never openly admitted that whatever impression they had been able to make in the industrial world was due to nothing else than the application of the tactics of Anarchy.

It is therefore reassuring to find in this book of Sorel's an eloquent tribute to the creative and inventive spirit of the Anarchists. Sorel frankly and eloquently acknowledges the debt of the revolutionary movement to the Anarchists. It is refreshing to find a thinker who is not an Anarchist himself honest enough to admit this. It is especially gratifying to find one who calls himself a Socialist—though surely all Socialists, even of the *new school,* must disown him—interpreting with such brilliance and clearness the true value of the spirit of Anarchy.

The tribute to the Anarchist Pelloutier and his realization of the importance of Anarchism in the history of modern society have always been so strangely ignored by the interpreters of Sorel that it is worth while to call attention again to it. In his introduction he points out the circumstances under which the French Anarchists entered the syndicates: "By taking part in political debates, Socialists, they said, will become merely reformers of a more or less radical type, and will lose the sense of their revolutionary formulas. Experience has quickly shown that the Anarchists were right in this view, and that in entering into middle-class institutions, revolutionaries have been transformed by adopting the spirit of these institutions. All deputies agree that there is very

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little difference between a middle-class representative and a working-class representative.

"Many Anarchists, tired at last of continually reading the same grandiloquent maledictions hurled at the capitalist system, set themselves to find a way which would lead them to acts which were really revolutionary. They became members of syndicates, which, thanks to violent strikes, realized, to a certain extent, the social war they had so often heard spoken of. *Historians will one day see in this entry of the Anarchists into the syndicates one of the greatest events that has been produced in our time, and then the name of my poor friend, Fernand Pelloutier, will be as well known as it deserves to be.*"

Sorel then goes on to point out the immense and invaluable influence of the Anarchists upon the revolutionary syndicates, how out of this very union, the tactics of the modern revolutionary labor movement were originated. If we realize now the failure of modern French Syndicalism, especially since the outbreak of the war, let us remember that its activities have proved abortive, as Sorel indicated they might, because revolutionary Syndicalism in France has lost, temporarily at least, "the sense of its own originality"—an originality which sprang out of its union with the Anarchists, and its record of revolutionary violence during its "epic" and Anarchistic days.

Sorel has also contrasted in striking fashion the spirit of liberty and individualism which characterizes the truly revolutionary Anarchistic activity with the mechanical "scientific" future-planning of the orthodox and official Socialists. In the truly revolutionary groups, as contrasted with the bureaucratic officiousness of the Socialists, each one is working with the greatest possible zeal, each is acting on his own account, and not troubling himself much to subordinate his conduct to some preördained and "scientific" plan. Such a spirit is called forth most eloquently by a strike. Each one considers himself as an *individual* having something of importance to do in the battle, instead of looking upon himself as nothing more than a part of the mechanism committed to the direction of a leader. Is this not the essential difference between direct and political action? Such a spirit

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may be the finest fruit of revolutionary activity, rather than any material or industrial gain.

The upholders of the general strike have been accused of anarchical tendencies, says Sorel, and rightly, too. For, as a matter of fact it is true, he admits, that during the years when the Anarchists entered the syndicates in great numbers, they did a great deal to develop tendencies favorable to the general strike. "We might, in fact," he goes on, "be led to ask if our official Socialists, with their passion for discipline, and their infinite confidence in the genius of their leaders, are not the authentic inheritors of the traditions of the royal armies, while the Anarchists and the upholders of the general strike represent at the present time the spirit of the revolutionary warriors who, against all the rules of the art of war, so thoroughly thrashed the fine armies of the coalition."

In calling attention to these points in Sorel's reflections, let us recall that Georges Sorel is not an Anarchist, not even a Syndicalist except in a vague and entirely unwarranted sense. The New York *Nation,* which ought to be better informed, recently called him "the father of Syndicalism," which is of course, absolutely and absurdly untrue. He is an independent thinker, more closely aligned with the Socialists than any other group. Therefore his candor concerning Anarchism ought to be a lesson in intellectual honesty to our own middle-class Socialists who love to dabble in the metaphysics of the proletariat (an illusion!). And if his prophecies—so sanguine at times—concerning revolutionary Syndicalism have failed to eventuate; one can only feel that if he had taken the trouble to study Anarchistic thinkers more and conquer his love for Socialistic controversy over Marxian theory, he would have developed into a much more penetrating and skilful thinker. His references to American society are naive and second-hand to a degree, killing our faith in his celebrated erudition. And if in reading this belated translation, which has only this year been published by B. W. Huebsch, we feel a waning interest in the dead enthusiasms of yesteryear, it is profitable to turn to Bakunin's analysis of war and the causes of war, and to be reminded, in view of the European situation to-day, how infinitely more pertinent and vital Bakunin's

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ideas are at present than those of Marx, who, Sorel would have us believe, is the father of the modern revolutionary movement. At the present moment, in fact, it must strike those who take the trouble to look into Bakunin's pages on war, which have recently been admirably summarized by L. Bertoni in the Italian Anarchist organ *Volonta*, that Bakunin's works of more timely and permanent value than the more sophisticated thought of these interesting reflections, grateful as Anarchists must feel for Sorel's eminently just tribute to their cause.

FROM PORTUGUESE SYNDICALISTS

DEAR COMRADES:

The Portuguese Syndicalist Young People, since the beginning of this cursed war, have firmly maintained their revolutionary internationalist position. They have tried, by all means within their reach, to counteract the campaign which the bourgeoisie and the professional military caste have most actively been making for racial hatred and Portugal collaboration in the European conflagration.

The moment has arrived when we believe that it is wholly necessary to concert with outside revolutionist groups holding an opinion similar to ours about this war, and disposed to work with us in an energetic reactive campaign against so fratricidal a struggle.

There is certainly no need to insist upon advantages which may result from this fact; that we social revolutionists should be in close relationship, and can aid one another, when the people of each country will begin to understand that they have sacrificed themselves for the sake of a cause opposed to their own, and that they have been miserably deceived by their governments.

That is why we ask you to please send us, as soon as possible, addresses of revolutionist groups, with whom we can enter into correspondence concerning this matter.

Accept, dear comrades, in the name of the Portuguese Syndicalist Young People, our revolutionary internationalist salutations.

FOR "O DESPERTAR" GROUP,
ALVARO FRANCO D'ABREN.

Lisbon, February 18, 1915.

FREE FRANCE

The action of the French government against our comrade Sebastian Faure for publishing a manifesto in which he declaimed against the war, and urged the formation of a strong peace movement, is a striking answer to those who are for

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ever lauding France as the home of liberty, the nursery of revolt. As a matter of fact, the measures of repression have been far more severe and the censorship more rigid in France during the war than in any other country. Some copies of Sebastian Faure's manifesto found their way into the soldiers' hands in the trenches, and not a few wrote agreeing with his declarations. These letters were stopped and seized by the Minister of War, who threatened to court-martial any man found to be in possession of the manifesto. The Minister of the Interior sent for Faure, interrogated him, and after a warning, in which he said that men found in possession of any further similar documents would be shot, he burned all the papers, and let Faure go. Thus the position is, that one man is responsible for the compilation, printing, and distribution of a document; and while he himself is only reprimanded, the innocent recipients are to suffer with their lives. The government evidently place the value and effect of Anarchist writings higher than we are inclined to ourselves, and moreover give the lie to the suggestion of the French government being so much better than that of other countries.—*London Freedom.*

NOTE—The balance on hand collected for the Italian Boy's Defense was $19.89 and not $85 as announced in the May issue. The balance has been since handed over to Carlo Tresca.

Subscribers and readers of MOTHER EARTH who can spare copies of April MOTHER EARTH would oblige us if they would send them to our office.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD: Fyodor Dostoevsky. The Macmillan Co., New York.
THE POSSESSED: Fyodor Dostoevsky. The Macmillan Co., New York.
THE IDIOT: Fyodor Dostoevsky. The Macmillan Co., New York.
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT: Fyodor Dostoevsky. The Macmillan Co., New York.
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